## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, AUGUST 3.

## RATTLE BRAIN IDEAS.

Novel Products of Misguided Genius to be Found on File in Uncle Sam's Patent Office.

A TOY COW WHICH GIVES MILK.

Hobbler for Chickens That Makes Them Take a Bee-Line Out of the Garden When They Begin to Scratch.

MACHINE TO REMODEL UGLY NOSES.

Torpedoes That Blow Up Grave Diggers, and a Fighting

Cat Made of Cast Iron. CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1

WASHINGTON, August 2 .- I have spent the past week in looking up the freaks of the Patent Office. Side by side with the greatest inventions of the age are classed the craziest offsprings of the human brain. To-day some mighty Edison patents an idea which lights the world and to-morrow some lunatic offers a plan by which all humanity can lift themselves to heaven by their boot-straps. In looking through the Patent Office you are surprised at the wisdom and the foolishness of man's intellect. The one is as great as the other, and from the foolish point of view it would seem that when an idea of a patent creeps into an inventor'

house, common sense flies out of his window. Take the department of capes and umbrellas. There are thousands of canes of all shapes and sizes, and one of these is a cane and spittoon combined. It is patented by Myron L. Baxter, of Illinois, and it states that the tobacco chewer has only to suck the

head of the cane when he can slip his saliya into it to the extent of half a pint, and that his lady love or the preacher need know nothing of it. "This cane," said he, "is of great advantage during the continuance of religious services, lectures and other enter-

There are cane umbrellas, sword canes and pistol canes and canes which are so jointed that they can be formed into the legs of a stool of such a nature that the arian can sit down and take a rest dur-

ne of the greatest fortunes are made out of patent toys, and there are a dozen toy ers who have made fortunes during the last 20 years. Among these are Cran-dall, who got up the "pigs in clover" puzzle; Plimpton, the man who invented the roller skates, the inventor of the returning ball



and others. There are perhaps 2,000 toys in one division of the Patent Office, and one of haby which sucks the bottle. This doll is patented by Rudolph Steiner, of Germany, and it consists of a doll baby sitting on a pan with a bottle filled with genuine milk on a little table in front of it. A rubber tube connects with the glass pipe which runs into the bottle and going into the mouth of the child runs down behind and through the doll into the pan. By means of a syphon which comes out through the dolls head, machinery is set to work by which the doll begins to suck and the milk flows up into its mouth and out into the pan. No sensible mother would collect of buying such a toy, yet this man Steiner of buying such a toy, yet this man Steiner thought so much of it that he patented it both in Germany and America, and he evidently expects to get a fortune out of it,

A DAIRY IN THE NURSERY.

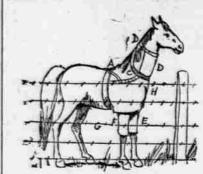
Another toy of much the same order is the toy cow which can be milked. This cow is made of wood or metal, and it has a tank inside of it. There are four udder connected with this, and these have little valves in them, so that by squeezing them a certain amount of milk flows out each time. Of course, the tank must first be filled with milk, and this is done through a pipe that rone up from the tank to the tail of the cow. The inventor states that the nction of milking is exactly the same as that of the real cow, and he has, in addition, an iron wire which connects with the jaws of the cow and runs back to this tank, so that Dolly chews her oud while the

youngsters milk her. The illuminated cat was granted a patent in 1884, and it is a cat of pasteboard or tin for the purpose of frightening rats or mice. This cat is to be made in a sitting posture, and it is painted over with phos-phorus, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of fire. Its inventor states that it ought to be perfumed with oil of pepperment, which is obnoxious to rate and that while it does serve to scare the rodents away in the dark, it may be made so as to form a very useful parlor ornament in the daytime. Another cat, equally funny, is the patent sheet iron cat, which is worked by clockwork and which has a bellows inside of it which swells up its tail to the size of the maddest of felines. If properly set, it will emit a noise equal to the wildest of living midnight Thomases, and it has in addition steel claws and teeth. You wind it up and place it on your roof, and set it to howling. All the cats in the neighborhood jump for it, and its poison claws kills every one it

PREVENTING GRAVE ROBBING.

Elijah's chariot has come to earth again. There are luminous match boxes and luminous ghosts to scare away grave robbers. The patents to protect the dead are especially funny. After every noted grave robbery metallic coffins come in by the scores, and I looked at one coffin surrounded by bars of wrought iron binding the casket and extending out from it at such a distance that when set in the earth it would be impossible to more it except by a derrick. A New York man has invented a coffin torpedo consisting of a canister of derrick. A New York man has invented a coffin torpedo consisting of a canister of powder balls and a trigger, and he warrants it to kill any person who attempts to open the grave in which it is placed. He does not reflect that in this day of changing graveyards some of the generations of the future may want to remove their forefathers, and may, to their great surprise, be given an immediate introduction to them through mmediate introduction to them through

A Massachusetts Yankee has patented a dynamite bomb which he piaces in the tomb. This would shoot the grave robber up to heaven, and it is equally probable that it might send both coffin and the corpse down to the other place. There are hundreds of patents for different kinds of embalming injections. balming juice, and the embalming juice inventors lought over General Grant's body at Mt. McGregor in order to demonstrate



the virtue of their fluids. One of these, some years ago, sent a model consisting of a coffin with an embalmed baby in it to the Patent Office, and was very indignant because the Commissioner would not put this dead baby on exhibition.

TRAPS FOR TAPEWORMS.

One of the most ridiculous medical patents was referred to in a recent speech in Congress. It is a tapeworm trap, and its in-ventor is a man named Myres, who claims be has had great success in catching tape-worms with it. It consists of a little gold capsule about half an inch long and as big round as a lead pencil. At the end of this capsule there is a little ring, and to this a silk thread is to be tied. By pulling the capsule apart you set a spring a good deal like that of the old-fashioned steel-toothed raitrap, and this spring has teeth just like the rattrap. You bait it with a little bit of these starra variety for two or three cheese, starve yourself for two or three days and then swallow the trap, maintain-ing all the while a careful hold of the thread attached to it. Your tapeworm, which by religious services, lectures and other entertainments." Its top is made in the shape of a dog's head, and the opening for the expectoration is made in the mouth of the dog.

THERE ARE CANES AND CANES.

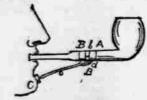
Another cane has an eye-glass attached to its head, and a third is so arranged that a drinking man may carry his allowance of whisky inside of it and take his nip on the sly. There are cane unibrellas, aword canes

vices by which a man can carry his cigars around in his hat, and the pipes are legion. One of the most curious of pipe inventions is a rest, or brace, by which the weight of the pipe is taken off the teeth and rested on the chin. This is said to be a very good pipe for sore teeth, but it is doubt'ul whether it would be of much use to the ordinary smoker.

is new and this consists of a gate which will swing both ways, and which can be lowered and raised to suit the size of the lovers. On the same principle is the adjustable pulpit which will fit all kinds of preachers. The pulpit runs up and down on a pillar by a spring, and by pressing a button the preacher can raise it to his height or lower it to suit. It is said that this invention was in use in one of the Western congregations, and that a short preacher had been in-vited to discourse, but had not been told of the peculiar arrangement upon which the Bible was placed in front of him. He was a very active little man and he had a way of pounding his pulpit and leaning over and shaking his finger at the congregation. During one of his wildest moments, while in this position, he kicked the button with his knee, and the pulpit, which had been set at three feet straightway sprung up to six carrying the preacher kicking along

There is a patent machine here for forcing hens to lay eggs, and there is one branch of the patent office known as that of cowtail holders. The festive cow is apt to flirt her tail while she is being milked, and as the tail is not always of the cleanest this is offensive to the pretty milkmaid. Many of these cowtail holders strap the tail to the hind leg of the cow, others fasten it to a beam over her head, and still others weight the tail in such a way that if the weights were attached to a strong-tailed cow she might blow out the brains of the milker.

ADJUSTABLE HORSE TAILS. There are patents for horse's tails as well as cow's tails, and the science of making a horse's tail extend out from the body at just the proper angle, is one which has bothered the intellects of many patentees. The most prious among them, however, is the patent of a Yankee who has invented an "Adjust-able False Tail for Horses." He claims in his specifications that this tail will puzzle



Supported by the Chin.

and mystify the keenest critics of horseflesh and that with it the bob-tailed horse or the rub-tailed horse becomes quite as valu-able as he whose tail reaches to his feet. Other patents are those for training horses, and in many of these the hind legs of the horse are strapped up to belts around his body, and some are so complicated that they would frighten a high-strung animal to death. A Western man has patented a shield to prevent a horse from being out by wire fences, and this consists of a sort of armour of padded cotton or leather which is strapped around the neck, breast and front legs of the horse. Another way of prevent-ing horses from hurting themselves on these fences is found in the electrical division. The wires are charged with electricity, and when the horse goes sgainst them he gets a-shock which drives him back. In the same division there is an electric plan for preventing horses from curbing. The manger is charged with electricity, and the moment the horse attempts to curb he gets a shock. Then there is a chicken hobbler, consisting of a spring attached to a hen's leg which, if the hen attempts to scratch, will move it onward, and will, in fact, walk it right out of the garden. There is the bedbug buster, by which the insects are gotten into a hop-per and killed by chloroform, and there is also the tumbler flytran through which iso the tumbler flytrap through which the flies drop into a bath of alkali.

the principle of the illuminated cat.

Luminous harness has been patented so that a horse being driven at night looks like a sheet of chain lightning, and you think

MAKING NEW NOSES.

The patents to make women beautiful are numerous. There are face powders by the hundreds and bust improvers by the score the nose improver is one of the most ouri-

ous of these crazy patents. It has made, it is said, a fortune for its inventor, and it consists of a metal shell formed of two parts which are connected by a hinge. The shape of its inside is that of a perfect nose, aquiline, Roman or Grecian, as you prefer, and it does all its work at night. The patent states that the poss should he first wall it does all its work at night. The patent states that the nose should be first well bathed in warm water and then greased with olive oil until it is thoroughly softened. After this the improver is to be attached and the person using it is to go to bed and sleep until morning. At first, it is said, the operation is somewhat painful, but this wears off in a few nights, and the soft cartileze of the nose soon begins to assume cartilage of the nose soon begins to assume the form of the beautiful shape of the improver. At the and of eight weeks you have a brand new nose which remains with you until you get tired of it, when you buy a dif-ferent style of improver and come out in a new nose quite different from your last one

but still beautiful. A Boston woman has gotten out a patent cheek beautifier, which takes away all the hollowness and gauntness from an old maid's chops and transforms them into the delicious plumpness of sweet 16. It consists of a spring plate with two prongs attached to it. This plate is tastened into the teeth at night, and the prongs reaching out from both sides prop out the cheeks so that they lose their hollow look, and grow round and young again. This same woman has a patent way of making the fingers tapering and elegant by means of compression, and the cells her patent after the Finger Comshe calls her patent "The Finger Com-press."

GETTING EVEN WITH BOARDERS. Restaurant keepers have long been troubled as to how to get even with their boarders. Josephine Doriat, of New York, has gotten out a patent for them. It con-sists of a table and stools both of which run on an endless chain. The diner comes in, takes a seat on a stool, pays his 25 cents for his meal and it is set before him. The table then begins to move and the man moves along with it. It continues to move him along till he gets to the other end of the room and at this time he is supposed to have finished his meal for his dishes slide off around a wheel and his stool slides on with him. There is an endless chain o these stools and the procession of diners and dinners goes on continuously. The inventor states that her improvement materially reduces the number of waiters necessary for a restaurant. It avoids delay in serving

meals and prevents any undue lingering at

meals and prevents any undue lingering at the table on the part of the guests.

There is a patent faro box in the model room and there are patent dice boxes and card games. One of the dice boxes throws up the dice by means of a spring and the throwing is done under a glass case, so that it is impossible to cheat with them. Curious bootjacks form another large class of patents, and one of these consists of an iron affair made in the shape of a pistol, which you can carry in your hip pocket and you can carry in your hip pocket and frighten a robber with upon occasion. There is also a patent pocketbook with a pistol in-side it. When the robber asks you for your money or your life you hand out your pocketbook and shoot him through the heart. Other patents are still more ridicu-lous. The serious side is, however, the great side of the Patent Office, and this I may discuss hereafter. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## RUM TWO CENTURIES OLD.

it Was Hauled From the Bottom of th Sen and Sampled by a Mayor. Philadelphia Inquirer. 1

"Did you ever hear the story of the old rum cask?" said Captain John Reece yes-terday, as he handed round a fresh box of Havanas to some aged seamen. "Away back in the fifties, about the time that Buchanan was running for President, a fishing schooner, named the Airdlie, was out on the banks. She was owned in Gloucester and belonged to old Tim Jordan, who com-A PREACHER ELEVATED.

In agricultural patents the human brain has gone wild. The old cannon plough has been often referred to by which the farmer takes his horses out of the furrow and shoots at the Indians. The lover's gate, however, is new and this consists of a gate which will. ful heavy and expectation was high, When it was hauled aboard it contained only a few fish, but hanging in the bight of it was a big bogshead of rum.

"How did they know it was rum?" queried a broker's clerk. "Hush, why sailors can smell rum a mile off," was the answer, and the clerk looked

"The cask was hoisted aboard and examined, and on it was the date 1676, showing that it was nearly 200 years old. An attempt was made to tap it, but the oak had got so hard that it broke every auger on the schooner. It was taken into Salem, and after much difficulty it was tapped. All the city dignitaries had assembled on this auspicious occasion, and the duty of having the first taste of this ancient liquor devolved upon the Mayor. Slowly a clear, amber-colored fluid trickled out into the glass, and when about two-thirds full the Mayor raised it reverently to his lips, his courtiers standing around eyeing him in an awestruck

manner.

"Throwing his hesd back, and with a graceful upward turn of the elbow the Chief Magistrate allowed the liquid to trickle down his throat. Suddenly he was observed to stop, clap his hands on his stomach, ejaculate 'Oh, my eyes and limbs!' and per orm a war dance. The fact was all the liquor had, of course, leaked out, and what had soaked in was something worse than bilge water."

THE RAREST SEA SHELL.

It is the Cone of the Holy Mary and Only Two Specimens Are Known. New York Sun. 1

"What is the rarest shell of all?" "That," said the conchologist, "is a question that I answer about a hundred times a a month, by mentioning the superb speci-men that is called 'The Cone of the Holy Why it is so called I do not know, but it is the rarest, because there are but two known specimens in existence. One of them is in London, in the British Museum, I believe, and the story is told that the shell is valued at several thousand pounds

sterling-a sort of Koh-i-noor among shells of wondrous beauty and rarity." 'What is the largest shell known?" "The giant oyster. You can see giant oyster shells on exhibition in front of sev-eral well-known oyster saloons uptown. They are imported from India. I remembe that I imported a pair that measured 33 feet by 4. They weighed nearly

"And the smallest shell?"
"Is the rice shell. Lying in bulk in basket or barrel the shells would be readily mistaken for rice grains."

A TRUMPET FROM THE SEA.

It is a Shell Nearly Two Feet Long and

Beautifully Marked. "What is the 'trumpeter?' " asked a re orter of the New York Sun, of a promipent shell merchant. The latter went to a case in the rear of the store and lifted out a onch-shaped shell nearly two feet in length had been drilled in the surface at the large end of the shell. The merchant placed his lips to the hole and blew. A rich, sonorous trumpet blast re-echoed and reached through the store and brought passers-by to a stand still in the street. They stared in open-eyed wonder at the man in the doorway blowing upon a handsome shell.

"It isn't necessary to explain further why it is called the trumpeter, is it?" exclaimed the merchant with a smile. "This shell comes from Singapore, and belongs to the Triton family. Sailors often use it as a log horn, and it makes a good

barkeeper, and go through a lot of rigmarole before the drink is ready. However, I did not begrudge the time, for otherwise I BOSTON TEMPERANCE. not begrudge the time, for otherwise the should not have met a very pleasant fellow named Frank Smith, who dropped in just as we were ready to leave. I used to know Frank well, and I was really very glad to

Howard Fielding Has an Encounter With the New Law There.

FRIEND OF HIS FAMILY SHOCKED. Pickles, Crackers, Tables and Chairs as

Saloon Accessories. COCKTAILS AS POWERFUL AS EVER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] In passing through Boston a few days ago I met a middle-aged temperance crank, who claims to be a friend of our family. He called me his dear boy and fractured a few bones in my hand. A great grip has he; and I was glad that my hand wasn't a dollar because in that case he never would have let

"You haven't been in Boston lately," said he, "and doubtless you notice and are delighted with the change. I refer to the new law regulating the liquor traffic." I thanked him for supposing that I must have learned all about it in the 15 minutes

since I arrived. In fact, I had read about it in the papers, as most people have done, but had not thought much about it. "A great law, that," said he; "a great step forward in the cause of temperance. But, of course, it is only a step; we shall go

further. We are too lenient with the saloon keeper. I believe in temperance, sir, and I would have it even if we had to call out the militia and shoot the neck off every bottle in the city. We haven't punishments enough. We don't stick closely enough to



the one great cause of temperance in all things. I'd have every liquor dealer hanged, sir; hanged on Boston common where our forefathers first showed how to

power."
"It is hard to make the mass of the people coincide with these moderate and reasonable

MORE REASONABLE VIEWS. "Yes, unfortunately it is," he admitted, "and the more's the pity. Why, sir, any man who fails to deposit his ballot in favor of temperance legislation ought to be whipped to the ballot box with raw hides, and his children distranchised to the third and fourth generation.

and fourth generation.
"But you ought to see Tim Noonan's place eince the new law went into effect," he continued, brightening up. It's changed wonderfully. You used to see crowds of men hanging over his bar, but they can't do it now. We have a grating up in front of every bar, and the men who want to drink must sit down at little tables. Let's walk by Tim's place. I like to have him see me for it must make him rave. I've been an in this reform. Yes, blast me if I haven't and nobody else has been anywhere along-

We walked down toward Tim's place, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, in spite of my naturally strong principles against over-indulgence. Graves, the crank, led the way into the place, much to my sur-prise, and took a seat at one of the tables. Then he turned round and glared at Tim who stood behind the grating which guarded

the bar. TIM STILL LOOKED PROSPEROUS.

Tim, contrary to my expectations, was looking very well. He had gained ten pounds or so of flesh, and wore rather better clothes than in the old days. His saloon was much more handsomely fitted up. He remembered me and nodded cordially.

Immediately, a long, thin female who looked ridiculously like the typical Boston "blue-stocking," brought a plate o crackers and a dish of cucumber pickles, and placed them on the table between Graves and me. Graves bit a cucumber in the pickle softened his expression into some

thing like a smile.
"I suppose we ought to buy something," said I. "It is hardly right to use his chairs for nothing."
"I would not add to the profits of his ne-

farious business," said he.
"Then have a glass of water," I replied, "and I will take a whisky cocktail for me-dicinal purposes. I have had a bad night Whether by mistake or the promptings of



You're Qui' Right, Missur Graves. Tim Noonan, the waiter brought two cocktails, and set one before Graves, whose wrath was "something tearful to witness, and was mollified only when I drank the two cocktails in order to get them out of his sight.

There were not many people in the place. Four men sat at a table near us, and were ordering drinks in turn. As they had forgotten where the rounds began they would probably go on indefinitely, trying to make the thing come out even—at least, that was the explanation which Tim whispered in my

In a corner sat a man with his head on the table. Several young clerks had dropped in for a hasty glass of something coolingfor the day was very hot—and having met friends were chatting comfortably at the tables, while their employers doubtless wondered where they were. I was just rising to leave the saloon, when who should appear but my old friend Tom Banks. I hadn't seen him for years. We greeted each other affectionately, and then I introduced Graves.

"Won't you and Mr. Graves have some-thing?" asked Tem, summoning a waiter. Graves scowled, and I excused him to Tom, but, of course, after that I had to order something myself. I took a mild punch, for I am not a man who indulges in strong

AT A FIRE IN PARIS.

ital Never Get in a Hurry.

"How are you, old boy?" said L. "Draw up a chair and let's have a good look at you?"

lyze the Whole Force.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, ]

to meet you, Mr. Graves; what'll you Graves wouldn't have anything, but the rest of us had a little claret with mint.
"You're qui' right 'bout it, Mizzur
Graves," said I. "A Bos'on s'loon's a
different place now."

ses' Fellow Laborers Horristed

GRAVES WAS NEVER SLIGHTED.

"Meanwhile I'll order something for the party," said Frank. "Mr. Graves? Pleased

"It's a heap more cozy and comfortable,"
said Tom. "Hello, here's Billy Webster;
you used to know him, Howdy, didn't you?"
"Know Billy? Well, sh'ay I did. Come 'long, Billy, an' moisten your epiglosh-epigloshis—epiglottia. Had it right in my throat all time, but somehow couldn't get it

Billy always has money sticking out of all his pockets, and he ordered a bottle of champagne. Graves took another cucum-

ber pickle.
"'Shu shay, Tom," said I, "'s a heap more comio'ble drinking this way than kicking toes off un'er a bar. Gen'lemen, 'low me to introduce Mizzur Graves. Mizzur Graves's the man who instituted this reform. All drink to Mizzur Graves." By the time that Biliy's bottle was empty several more friends had dropped in. I couldn't really say how many. Some-times I thought that there were five and then again there appeared to be ten, so I ventured to put the inquiry: "How many are you of there, anyhow?" whereat every-body laughed. LAUGHTER WAS ABUNDANT.

A good many people seemed to be laughing all about me, and I was on the point of getting offended when Billy said: "Sit down, Howdy; it is the effect of the new

The next thing I remember Mr. Graves was bundling me into a herdic, and we were riding down Tremont atreet. I was just preparing to go to sleep when an express wagon knocked the hind wheels off our conveyance and I went out through the back window, which I understand was only seven-by-nine in dimensions. Graves picked me up and braced me against a lamp-post, where for a few moments I stood, and took great pleasure in pointing him out to the

great pleasure in pointing him out to the passers-by as the philanthropic citizen who had supplied all the saloons with chairs.

Then all is a confusion of crooked sight and twisted legs, and the horror of Graves as he passed his fellow laborers in the cause of temperance, all of whom appeared to have turned out especially for that occasion. It was too much for his generosity and he finally abaudoned me to the fate which he had been so largely instrumental in bringing upon me. Fortunately I made out a samiliar hotel nearby and in it I succeeded in sleeping off the effects of the only indiscretion of the kind that I was ever guilty of. I have just finished a brief note to Mr. Graves which contains, I hope and trust, a ance legislation. HOWARD FIELDING.

PUSHING INFERIOR WINES.

Sterprising Dealers Newsdays Pay Waiters for the Corks Turned In. New York Times. ]

Two gentlemen, one a connoisseur in fine wines, went into a high-priced restaurant a few nights ago and called for a bottle of champagne of a brand which, in their opinion, was the best champagne in the market. The wine was brought and served in wellchilled glasses. Each gentleman lifted his glass expectantly to his lips and promptly placed it on the table after taking a sip. "This is not the wine I ordered," said the

connoisseur, turning to the waiter, who had been hovering about. "This is a bogus champagne." With an apologetic shrug of the shoulders

the waiter quickly picked up the cooler and, remarking that he would see about it, walked away. Soon he returned with a fresh bottle, and, after taking pains to display to the two gentlemen the labels on the bottle, he drew the cork and filled the glasses again.

glasses again.
"It is a common trick among waiters," said one, "a trick that is rapidly spreading in popular and well-patronized restaurants. You noticed perhaps that the first bottle brought contained no label. This second bottle, as you will observe, contains the proper label and no doubt is the genuine brand we ordered. It is a much more ex-pensive wine than the other and, being well established, no premium is paid the waiter by the American agent for forcing it upon the patrons of the house. The other wine, probably being 'pushed' by some enterpris-ing dealer who gives the waiter 25 or 50 nts for each cork turned in. Had we asked the waiter at the outset to recommend a brand of wine he undoubtedly would have commended the stuff he brought, and then we would have been permitted to see

FISK AND THE ANARCHISTS

The Late Prohibition Leader Used to Disguise and Attend Their Meetings. New York Press.]

I was with General Fisk about three years ago for a couple of hours when the papers were full of the Haymarket Anarchist tragedy at Chicago, and there was bitter denunciation of the murderous bomb throwers. General Fisk said to me: "I have endeavored conscientiously to study the causes that make men Anarchists in this country, but have never been able to comprehend it. You will be surprised when I tell you that I have gone in old clothes and slouch hat to Anarchist meetings in New York City-to their most secret meetings. I have been amazed and astounded as well at the intemperance of their language until I have gone away feeling that society was rocking on a slumbering volcano, liable at any moment to burst forth and destroy it.
"Why, I have heard these men openly

Why, I have heard these men opening advocate arming themselves and rushing out to capture the United States sub-Treasury in Wall street, the persons of Gould, the Vanderbilts, Russell Sage, Cyrus W. Field and other wealthy men, and by these means make themselves masters of the community. While I was in their heated community. While I was in their heated assembly chambers my head would actually swirl, thinking of the desperate propositions they made. But once outside in the cool air, with a glimpse of the policeman standfor I am not a man who indulges in strong drink.

Under the new Boston rule it takes longer than formerly to get served, for the waiter has to run around the grating and tell the

The Laddies of the Gay French Cap-

NO BIG BLAZES TO DEAL WITH.

An American Conflagration Would Para-

RED TAPE IN OBTAINING PASSES

One of the most ludierous things a person an witness over here is the efforts of a Parisian fire brigade to put out a fire. A few days ago we had a blaze in front of my domicile, and I had an excellent opportunity of watching the whole modus operandi. First I must remark the promptitude with which the "pompiers" put in an appearance-fully a half an hour after the fire broke out. I shudder to think what would be the fate of an American city if intrusted pose, to be in a hurry.

The fire broke out in the upper story of an 'apartment" house, and when I noticed it a When the pompiers arrived the whole apartment was gutted. I suppose everybody knows that in France an apartment means a suite of rooms. They have no fire alarms in any of the houses or hotels here; there is a curious affair at certain distances in the streets which, to the uninitiated, is difficult of comprehension. At length the firemen arrived and hauled a feeble squirt up six flight of stairs. There was a yard underneath from which an American hose could have put out the whole business in five minutes. One thing, however can be said in favor of the Paris fire brigade. In America the whole house would be drenched with water, whereas in France they take scrupulous care not to waste any of the precious liquid. NOT USED TO BIG FIRES.

I never saw such consternation in the I never saw such consternation in the neighborhood even at such a small fire. Evidently they never saw a big conflagration such as the United States treats its citizens to. I have been in Paris a year and a half and I have never seen a fire worth going across the street to see. I am sure, if you will pardon the seeming wickedness, one of your big biazes will be a treat to me when I return to the land of the Stars and

Stripes.

The spectators seemed to have more to do in ordering the firemen around than their captain. During a lull in the firemen's struggles one old lady halloed out to the firemen not to relax their efforts as the fire was still burning. There was a stoneyard not very close by where there was nothing to burn up but headstones and an old wagon, and it was most ludicrous to watch several frightened individuals move that wagon in nervous haste, an inch or so every few sec-onds. The whole affair was so comic—the prehistoric firemen, the wailing old ladies and the individuals among the monumentsthat my companion, who was an American, and I could not refrain from hearty laughter, which scandalized the whole neighborhood. During lulls in the fire the firemen amused themselves by squirting water at one another. They evidently were not used to hard work, as they were all blowing like porpoises, and must have had a big sense of their own importance judging by the way they carried themselves. In the eyes of the hero-loving Franch people they was no doubt his barners. French people they were no doubt big heroes.

When the conflagration was nearly over a policeman stuck his head out of the window

man is sure to be around when anything is

of one of the gutted rooms, took a compre-hensive glance around and then withdrew.

The Paris pompiers came to the fire pretty leisurely as compared with the American firemen. They moved almost as slowly as the Dordrecht fire brigade, so happily de-scribed in Baughton and Abbey's sketching rambles through Holland. They were seated in a long, red vehicle very much like an American hay wagon. They blew a feeble bugle with a peculiar squeak during their progress. The fire-escape ladder was hauled to the fire by hand power. The fire brigade is a corps of the army and is en-listed under the same conditions as the troops. Its uniform, which is not as fine as the American uniform, consists of blue pan-taloons very wide at the hips and narrow at the shoe; a tight fitting skirtless dark tunic, brass helmet and brass chain epaulets. They carry a leather belt at the waist from

which depends a bayonet.

Verily this is the land of red tape. wanted to see the grand review of 20,000 the French troops at Longchamps on July 24—the national holiday. I betook myself to the "Bureau de Recruitement" (Recruiting Bureau) at the Place Vendome and asked the sentry in charge. He gave me a military salute. Showing him my creden-tials and stating my wants, he told me that the official whose duty it was to attend to such matters was engaged otherwise, and

dor by a huge pompous lackey, who must have weighed about 200 pounds and was fully six seet and a half. He was dressed in black, and, as usual, were lots of buttons and a big silver, or imitation silver, chain around his neck. There were some half a dozen under lackeys also in uniform who danced attendance on him. The silver-chained individual pompously informed me that I would have to call around in two that I would have to call around in two hours' time, and then I was allowed to escape from so much dignity. Well, I ap peared punctually at the appointed time I found many there on the same errand as myself. At length my turn came, and I had to fill out a form with my name, age address, occupation, where I came from what journals I represented, etc. Then I was given in charge of the Garcon de Bureau who, carrying this form and my credentials in his hand, escorted me through interminable passages until we came to anothe graveled courtyard. Telling me to wai outside, where there were already about a half dozen uncovered individuals, the Garcon de Bureau disappeared into an office.

After a long argument with the official, to
whom I was shortly introduced, I got my DE WOLFE SCANLAN.

Crushed but Not Broken

A good joke is told on Horne Tooke whom the Tories in the English House o Commons thought to crush, by imposing Commons thought to crush, by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees, and begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used; but in rising up he knocked the dust of his knees, and exclaimed loudly enough to he heard all over the House: "It's a dirty House, after all!" Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories as we they had alled in their object.



A STORY OF NORTHERN WISCONSIN, FOUNDED ON FACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

One of the Most Popular Newspaper Correspondents of the Day, and

BY CHARLES G. SEYMOUR.

Author of Many Short Stories. If you could have seen her in her narrow ! cell with her thin gray hair tossing about her ashy, sunken face you would have

pitied her, although it is probable you never

knew her story.

Bess Stebbins wasn't much on looks when else in Europe, they partake of the general slowness, and think it undignified, I suppose, to be in a hurry.

she was a girl up in Northern Wisconsin. Still she was always plump and tidy in her new calico gown and whenever she laughed, friend as she did once in awhile, there was music for the nightingale. Mark Prentiss was a Abe, moving restlessly in his chair. bucket of water would have put it out. did much work but who always managed to get along in an easy and contented sort of Nick Collier get out of typhoid fever after way. Everybody in the settlement knew him, because in the first place the settlement was small and in the next place Mark was such an eccentric fellow that it triumphant expression as he narrated these investigations. would have been impossible for him to incidents in village history.

have gone into obscurity, no matter how "But they didn't have asthma, Abe," have gone into obscurity, no matter how hard he tried. Many were the days he sat and whittled spigots for barrels; yet nobody ever knew what became of the spigots or whatever possessed Mark to whittle them. But that was merely one of the fellow's eccentricities. Then too, he always carried a pin-cushion under the lapel of his coat and only once was he known to ride in any kind of a vehicle.

of a vehicle.

Mysterious as he was, and coarse and sun-baked as were his features, the fellow some way or another completely won the heart of pretty Bess Stebbins. Nobody could tell why, and nobody cared much, for to tell the truth a courtship in the settlement was to be expected now and then. When the wedding-day came Mark got up and did the chores and then went over to Bessie's house, where the knot was tied. Abe Pritchard, the town supervisor and surveyor, was best man, and well he might be, for Abe and Mark

"Will you do it, Abe?" asked the sufferer, choking with the effort.

"As sure as I'm here, Mark; but what's the use of talking about dyin? Goshall-hemlock, Mark, cheer up. You're not est-in' enough—that gruel is goin' agin you."

"Goin' to die as sure as preachin', Abe.

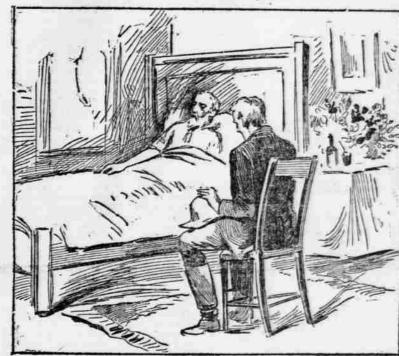
friend. "Seen sicker men than you get well," said

"Not with asthma, no; but I've seen

pleaded the sufferer, "and now, old part-ner," he continued, "I want you to promise me that afore they bury me you'll put me on my face in the coffin. You know I never slept on my back and I ain't goin' to do it when I'm dead. You needn't tell Bess anything about it. Just slip in afore they serew the lid and roll old Mark on his face. Don't say no, now Abe. It's got to be

If it had not been for the rustling of a lilac bush against the window panes nothing would have broken the silence which followed this strangely eccentric man's last request. Abe stared blankly at his friend, and then slowly tying a knot in his white beard, took one of the sufferer's hands in his own.

"Will you do it, Abe?" "If you say so, Mark; but I'd ruther Bess'd do it, cause she knows more about handlin' you than L."



IT AIN'T A WOMAN'S WORK NOHOW.

had poked many a bearout of its hole and then sat down and stripped the carcass while the smoke from their pipes curled among the pines and tamarack. There were singing and dancing at the wedding, and nobody thumped the floor with more vin han Mark and Abe. Pretty Bess, redde than usual because of the worry and excitement through which she had passed, sat in an old-fashioned rocker and smiled nervousy as she watched the flying feet, and once she coughed when the dust from Mark's big boots lifted a cloud of dust from the old

white floor.

Mark didn't change much after his mar riage. He wore the same old milk-besnattered boots, whose heels were run over to a seandalous angle, the pincushion remained right on whittling spigots, but not so many of them as he did before he took Bess to his home. He was the same old eccentric Mark Perkins, only he got more crotchets into his head from time to time. He wouldn't give up his pewter plate at the dinner table for love or money, and when Bess used to

Mark grew worse from year to year. The village doctor, who used to go about the country in a dusty, rattling buckboard, couldn't help him. And so he coughed and wheezed until the neighbora began to pity him and send him things to burn in his room while he tried to sleep. Then he took to his bed, where he could see from his nar-row window the purple clouds build themselves in an ampitheater in the West-ern horrizon when the sun went down. Mark knew he was going to die before snow came. Bess tried not to think so, but some of the neighbors had seen her crying when Mark was at his worst, and it was common belief in the neighborhood that she, too, was apprehensive, if not discouraged. Old Abe was a daily visitor at the house. When he came into the sick room he seemed to bring with him the invigorating odor of the balsame. For it was always noticed that when Abe did come Mark grew brighter, and his rasping cough fell away to a spasmodic rattling in the throat, which was often mistaken for One day late in autumn Abe squared

himself in a chair close to the bedside of his friend, as was his custom when he called. It was one of Mark's bad days. His eyes were feverish and his long bony hands clutched the bedclothing with a nervous grip. The doctor had said that the sufferer was dying, and even Abe, who was not much of a student of death, saw a change for the worse in the condition of his

"Glad you came, Abe," he said with a weak voice. ',I've got something I want to say to you. It won't be long before I'll drop out, but afore I go, Abe, I want you to swear to do as I tell you."

He ceased the knife-blade he had been twirling about his fingers and looked steadily at his friend.

"So she does when I'm alive," replied Mark, appreciating the grim humor, "but you see, Abe, she never saw me dead; and then besides it ain't a woman's work nehow

'specially 'f she's as good as Bess.' The weather grew thick and humid that night. The sun went down in a bank of sullen clouds and the parehed leaves of the trees hung motionless. Mark's asthma clutched him with a merciless grip and strangled him so that wondering neighbors clung clumsily about the fence and listened to the distressing respirations of the sufferer. Bess, Abe and the doctor were at the bed-side, but not one of them could do anything to loosen the fingers of death. Slowly but steadily the unseen hand closed throat with fiercer tension until the breath of life was squeezed from the strange old

man. It was a very plain funeral at Mark's weather-beaten house. The village preacher prayed sonorously and disjoint-edly, and the mourners, with the exception of Bess, Abe and the undertaker, sang "Rock of Ages." Mark looked so natural and stating ...

An antitors was engaged otherwise, and a matters was engaged otherwise, and a matters was engaged otherwise, and a matters was engaged otherwise.

PLENTY OF RED TAPE.

In front of the palace there were about half a dozen foot sentries with guns and fixed bayonets, a sprinkling of officers and several members of the President's household, all in uniform. I made up to one of the sentinels and stated my business. He gave me a military salute, the same as I got gave me a military salute, the same as I got gave me a military salute, the same as I got be gave me a military salute, the same as I got be gave me a military salute, the same as I got be gave me a military salute, the same as I got be gave me a military salute, the same as I got but she wasn't the Bess of old. She was winkled and gray but she still carried with hear those great, round, iustrous eyes that had burned deep into more than one man's hear fall one goot into the lane.

Abe Pritchard grew old, too, but with bicoming weeds and vines. The village preacher wanted to pray again, but Abe prief-stricker. way, and thereafter nothing disturbed the silence but the sobs of poor grief-stricken Bess and the droning of the bees as they

scurried from flower to flower.

Mark's death and funeral were town talk for a week or more, and then Lige Hector's saw-mill burned and set the people to talking about incendiaries, new fire engines and the like. Nobody paid much attention to Bess, who seemed content to spend her widowhood in the little weather-beaten cottage. She always looked trim and nest, but her face had so much sadness in it that the neighbors when they saw her shook their heads owlishly and said the grief was slowly dragging her to death. She was often seen in the graveyard, staring wildly at the weed-clad mound which marked the resting place of Mark. She would come there late in the afternoon and remain there until the stars came out and the frogs croaked from the pond. It was evident that Bess was madly agitated about comething, and finally it that the poor woman was suffering from the fearful conviction that her husband had fearful conviction that her husband had been buried alive. She recalled how, when Mark was lying in the coffin, his cheeks glowed just below the eyes, and she was now certain that she had seen him move even after the grave clothes had been put on him. Then, too, she had seen Mark's face at her window one night when a storm was beating furiously were the culture.

ing furiously upon the cottage.

These trights, suspicions and convictions were too much for such a frail body to stand, At last she could bear the burden no longer, and, with a face white and rigid with determination and a voice almost hysterical in its inflections, she demanded that the neighbors open the grave and the coffin, and thus forever satisfy her that Mark's death was not the result of accident or malice. Abe would have given his hop tarm and all he owned to have stopped this distressing